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THE PEOPLE OF THIBET.

The people of Thibet are reported by travellers to be well-disposed and kind, but completely under the control of the Lamas or priests. These Lamas, says one writer, have all the riches of the country in their hands, so that no matter how well people are disposed toward you, a word from the lamas is enough to set them against you. The objection of the lamas to the entry of foreigners was that they would seek the treasures of the country. The Chinese government, which exercises a nominal sovereignty over Thibet, will not issue passports to travel there because they cannot afford sufficient protection for foreigners. They say that the people are easily excited and they cannot be responsible for them.

Lamaism is the prevailing religion. They have a tremendous literature, and reading prayers is their constant employment. They have prayer wheels, some run by water and some by wind, on the tops of the houses. These are filled with prayers, and the fact that they are turned from left to right is the same as reading them, for the words pass before the eyes. If they are turned the other way, however, the effect is bad.

The people engage the lamas to come and read prayers for them. They pay about ten cents a day and give them tea and food. The rich people will give large sums of money for the reading of prayers. As a matter of fact, under the cloak of sanctity the lamas are engaged in all kinds of trading at Tsa Chin Lu. There are no pawnbrokers' shops, which are such an institution in China. The business is in the hands of the lamas, and bands of them scour the country, collecting every thing they can.

All the villages are perched upon some inaccessible rock because, on account of the scarcity of farming land, they do not wish to put the village on any ground that can be cultivated. The people live on the barley, which they call somba. They mix it with tea. They have no regular time for meals. Whenever they feel hungry the pot is ready and they make a little of this mixture. Now and then they have a sheep. It is a miserably poor country, and they do not kill much game because they have not the improved fire-arms.

The people have rather clear-cut features, and thin, aquiline noses are quite common. I saw many with curly hair, although some of them wore a false cue. It is quite an item with the Chinese to sell them different colored silks to make these cues.

The Thibetan woman invests her spare cash in jewellery. She will buy all the silver jewellery she can and then, when she can afford it, exchanges it for gold.

A THIBETAN CHIEF, WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER, ORNAMENTS, PRAYING-WHEEL, ETC.

THE LAMA RELIGION.

The essence of all that is sacred is comprised by Lamaism, says another writer, under the name of dKon, mChhog, gSsum—the "Buddha jewel," the "doctrine jewel," and the "priest-hood jewel." The first person and the most important of this trinity is the Buddha, and to him the temples are dedi-

AUBERT GALLION QUE
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cated, each one usually enshrining a huge image representing in a more or less hideous form the great founder of the Buddhist faith. In one of the great temples is the statue of Buddha, thirty feet in height. The posture is sitting, and the countenance is designed to express the complete abstraction which is the aim of the faithful Buddhist. On entering the temple the lower part only of the image is visible, as the head and shoulders pass through a flooring, to which it is necessary to ascend in order to obtain a view of the face. Buddha is not looked upon as a deity who has had aught to do with the origin or creation of the universe; he is merely the founder of the doctrine, the highest saint, though endowed with all the qualities of supreme wisdom, power, virtue, and beauty, which raise him above all others who have ever lived.

In the "Lamaseries," or temples, the prayer-wheels resemble small painted barrels turning on vertical axles, and ranged along the wall in rows. Inside each cylinder is a roll of paper some hundred feet long, on which is repeated many thousand times the mystic sentence, "Aum Mani Padme Houm." The words are Sanskrit in origin, and the literal translation would be, "O!—The jewel—lotus Amen!" Each syllable is, however, supposed to contain a charm of mysterious power; but although scholars learned in Sanskrit have made every effort to discover the occult meaning of the terms, convinced that, from the tenacity with which they have been preserved, and the faith that all Buddhists have in their potency, they must embody some truth of great significance, the mystical sentence has not yet been interpreted, and it is doubtful if it ever will be. The people carry small cylinders about with them, so as to have the paraphernalia of devotion accessible at any moment; but, as if this were not enough, larger cylinders are placed in the neighborhood of streams, and turned by water-power like the wheels of a mill. Outside the villages are also series of long mounds covered with flat stones, and on these the mystic sentence again appears. On the road-side and even in uninhabited wastes these stones amaze the traveller by their frequency. A solution of the problem may, however, be found in the fact that they are engraved by the lamas and sold to the people, who look upon the placing of such stones as an expression of devotion, or perhaps as a votive offering to the saints they worship.

The public services of Lamaism consist chiefly in the recitation of prayers and sacred texts, and the intonation of hymns, accompanied by a kind of music which is a chaos of the most inharmonious and deafening sounds of horns, trumpets, and drums of various descriptions. During this worship, which takes place three times a day, the lamas, summoned by the tolling of a little bell, are seated in two or more rows according to their rank, and on special occasions and holy days the temples and altars are decorated with symbolical figures, while offerings of tea, flour, milk, butter, and others of a similar nature are made by the worshippers, animal sacrifices or offerings entailing injury to life being forbidden, as in Buddhism. Baptism and confirmation are the two principal sacraments of Lamaism. The former is administered on the third or tenth day after birth, the latter generally when the child can walk and speak. The marriage ceremony is not a religious but a civil act: nevertheless, the lamas know how to turn it to the best advantage, as it is from them that the bride and bridegroom have to learn the auspicious day when it should be performed; nor do they fail to complete the act with prayers and rites, which must be responded to with handsome presents.

A similar observation applies to the funeral ceremonies. Properly speaking there are none, for Lamaism does not allow the interment of the dead. Persons distinguished by rank, learning, or piety are burned after their death; but the general method of disposing of dead bodies is to expose them in the open air to be devoured by birds and beasts of prey; yet a lama must be present at the moment of death in order to superintend the separation of body and soul, to calm the departing spirit, and to enable it to be re-born into a happy existence. He must determine the auspicious place where, and the auspicious day and hour when, the corpse shall be exposed. The most lucrative part of his business, however, is the masses which he has to perform until the soul is released from Yama, the infernal judge, and ready to re-enter into its new existence. When so important a person as a lama dies there are various ways of disposing of his body. One is by burning, after which the ashes are collected and put into curiously shaped receptacles called "chortens." These are found in great clusters round the villages, and make them appear from a distance to be much larger than they really are. Should a lama of exceedingly great sanctity die, his ashes are gathered up and mixed with clay, out of which small images are molded, and placed on shelves in some one of the many temples.

HEALED BY A HUSBAND'S PRAYER

About the year 1885 the wife of Mr. Paddock Small, a hardware dealer in Harwich, Mass., exhibited symptoms of hereditary pulmonary disease, being tormented by a racking cough and profuse expectoration. She could not rest on her left side, and on lying down at night she would cough for a long time, her side also being sore and painful.

One day when she was absent from home visiting her father, who lived some three miles away, her husband was feeling very sad in expectation of her probable fate, from which he saw no way of deliverance. He had been reading from the Sunday-school lesson, which dealt with the subject of believing prayer, and the question finally occurred to him, "Why cannot I pray that my wife may be healed of this cough?" Locking his shop door, he went upstairs into his bed-room, and there for a long time prayed and wept and besought the mercy of the Lord on his wife's behalf.

Suddenly he felt that his prayer was answered, and the work done, and he shouted glory to God, and came down into the store filled with peace and joy. An hour later his wife came in. He said nothing to her of the prayer, but in the evening when she said, "I suppose I have got to go to bed and cough, as I have to every night;" he said, "I think you will not cough to-night."

She looked at him with a meaning glance, and said, "You have been praying for me; I know it." He replied, "When you retire for the night we shall know if God does hear and answer the prayers of us poor weak mortals here below."

She retired to rest, turned on her left side, and said, "I can lie on this side as well as ever I could in my life." He inquired, "How is the sore place in your side?" She put her hand there, and striking it quite hard said, "It is all gone."

She then told him how during the afternoon she had walked out in the woods a little way to gather a few berries, and had returned to her father's house faint and exhausted, and sat down discouraged, feeling that there was no help for her, when all at once a light flashed into her soul, and she felt better, and knew in her own body that she was healed. She noted the time when the change occurred, and it corresponded with the time when his strong crying and tears were ended by the assurance that all was well; and from that time, notwithstanding her previous settled cough, and profuse expectoration, she never had a cough for a year!

This account was received by the writer from an aged and experienced physician in a neighboring town, who was personally acquainted with Mr. Small, and received the narration from his own lips.—*Christian Herald.*

ILLUSTRATE IT.

Illustrate your teaching in your daily life. You inculcate faith in God; evince it when trials come to you. You insist upon conformity to Christ as the only perfect model of living; show that you are growing like him day by day. You magnify the excellence of grace; manifest it in the home and in society. You extol the beauty and power of forgiveness; let those who have injured you enjoy the benefit of a practical illustration of your forgiving spirit. You dwell much upon fidelity in the performance of duty; see that you neglect not the obligations resting upon you. In a word, be an example in all things of what a Christian should be.

A MUSICAL SPIDER.

A gentleman in California has been trying experiments with a spider, and he seems to think that the spider enjoys certain sounds, even after he finds they are not caused by the buzzing of a fly caught in the web. This is what a San Francisco paper says about it:

"A gentleman was watching some spiders when it occurred to him to try what effect the sound of a tuning fork would have upon them. He suspected they would take it for the buzzing of a fly. He selected a large, ugly spider which had been feasting on flies for two months. The spider was at one edge of its web. Sounding the fork the man touched a thread at the other side and watched the result.

Mr. Spider had the buzzing sound conveyed to him over the telephone wires, but how was he to know on which particular *wire it was travelling? He ran to the* centre of the web very quickly and felt all around until he touched the thread against the other end of which the fork was sounding, then, taking another thread along, just as a man would take an extra piece of rope, he ran out to the fork and sprang upon it. Then he retreated a little way and looked at the fork. He was puzzled. He had expected to find a buzzing fly. He got on the fork again and danced with delight. Evidently the sound was music to him."

LIVING ON $200 A YEAR.

Goldsmith's *Vicar* was "passing rich with 40 pounds a year." An English magazine writer says that her annual income is just that and no more.

She rents one neat, pretty room in the suburbs of London for eight pounds, does her own cooking, and her dietary costs but five shillings a week. She puts aside a pound for sickness, which she knows almost nothing of, 55 shillings for charity, 60 for travel, literature and stationery; six pounds for dress, which includes a tennis suit and evening dress; goes one year to Scotland and the next to Belgium, besides an annual visit to a brother at Nottingham.

She is a teacher of French and drawing, entertains a Sunday-school class, gives treats to an association of working girls and two musical evenings to friends.

All this within $200 a year Let wasteful Americans learn a lesson!

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON VIII.—MAY 24, 1891.

CAPTIVITY OF ISRAEL.—2 Kings 17:6-18.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 16-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Because ye have forsaken the Lord, he hath also forsaken you."—2 Chron. 24:20.

HOME READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 15:23-38.—The Last Kings of Israel.
T. Hos. 8:1-14.—Israel's Impurity and Idolatry.
W. 2 Kings 17:1-12.—Three Years' Siege.
Th. 2 Kings 16:13-23.—Captivity of Israel.
F. 2 Kings 17:24-33.—Strange Nations in Samaria.
S. 2 Kings 17:34-41.—The Worship of God and Idols.
S. Rom. 7:1-25.—Captivity of Sin.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Walking in Heathen Ways. vs. 6-11.
II. Worshipping Heathen Idols. vs. 12-17.
III. Made Captives by the Heathen. v. 18.

TIME.—B.C. 721; Hoshea king of Israel; Hezekiah king of Judah; Sargon king of Assyria.

PLACES.—Samaria; Assyria.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

This lesson records the fulfilment of the prophetic utterances of former lessons. V. 6. *Hosea*—the last king of Israel. He reigned nine years (B. C. 729-721). *Assyria*—then including Mesopotamia, Media, Elam, and Babylon. The name of the king who conquered Samaria was Sargon, as shown by their own historical tablets, but Shalmaneser began the war. *Halah*—in the north of Assyria. *Harbor by the river of Gozan*—a branch of the Euphrates. V. 7. *For so it was*—here follows a black catalogue of the sins of Israel for which the nation was now destroyed. V. 13. *Yet the Lord testified against Israel*—with reproofs, warnings and long-suffering forbearance. *Prophets and seers*—Elijah, Elisha, Amos, Hosea and a host of others. V. 14. *They would not hear*—became worse and worse in their sinful rejection of Jehovah. V. 16. *The host of heaven*—the sun, moon, and stars. V. 17. *Pass through the fire*—according to the horrid rites of heathen worship. (Compare 2 Chron. 28:3; Jer. 19:5.) V. 18. *Therefore*—because of all these abominations, and in punishment of them.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Of what prophets have we been studying? What did they predict concerning Israel? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. WALKING IN HEATHEN WAYS, vs. 6-11.—When was Samaria taken? By whom was the war begun? What did he do with the people of Israel? Where did he place them? Against whom had they sinned? In what ways had they walked? What had they secretly done? How had they provoked the Lord to anger?

II. WORSHIPPING HEATHEN IDOLS. vs. 12-17.—What had they served? By whom had the Lord testified against Israel? What had he commanded? How had they treated his commands? What had they rejected? What idols had they worshipped? What awful sins had they committed in this heathen worship?

III. MADE CAPTIVES BY THE HEATHEN. v. 18.—How was the Lord affected by their sins? What punishment did he inflict upon them? Who alone were left in their land?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That God punishes nations in this world.
2. That he overthrows nations when they utterly forsake and cast him off.
3. That mercies despised harden the heart.
4. That mingling with corrupt people corrupts and degrades.
5. That God uses bad men and mighty armies as his scourges.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. How did the kingdom of Israel come to an end? Ans. The king of Assyria took Samaria and carried Israel away into Assyria.
2. Why did this calamity come upon them? Ans. Because they had sinned against the Lord their God.
3. How had they sinned against God? Ans. They served idols and sold themselves to do evil in the sight of the Lord.
4. How had God warned the people? Ans. By all the prophets, saying, Turn ye from your evil ways.
5. What was the consequence of all their sin? Ans. The Lord was angry with Israel and removed them out of his sight.

LESSON IX.—MAY 31, 1891.

THE TEMPLE REPAIRED.—2 Chron. 24:4-14.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"God loveth a cheerful giver."—2 Chron. 9:7.

HOME READINGS.

M. 2 Chron. 22:1-12.—Ahaziah and Athaliah.
T. 2 Chron. 23:1-11.—Joash Crowned.
W. 2 Chron. 23:12-21.—Athaliah Slain.
Th. Psalm 76:1-12.—God Known in Judah.
F. 2 Chron. 24:1-14.—The Temple Repaired.
S. Psalm 84:1-14.—The Tabernacle of the Lord.
S. 2 Chron. 24:15-27.—Joash Slain.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The King's Devout Desire. vs. 4-7.
II. The People's Generous Gifts. vs. 8-11.
III. The Temple's Speedy Restoration. vs. 12-14.

TIME.—B. C. 856; Joash king of Judah; Jehoahaz king of Israel; Hazael king of Syria; Shalmaneser king of Assyria.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

OPENING WORDS.

Thus far our studies since the revolt of the ten tribes have been confined to the kingdom of Israel. To-day we go back to the city of Jerusalem. A period of one hundred years has passed, during which six kings and one queen have reigned over Judah. Ahaziah, the sixth king, was slain by Jehu. His mother, Athaliah, the daughter of Ahab and Jezebel, then usurped the throne. After six years Athaliah was slain and Joash, the son of Ahaziah, then only seven years old, began to reign, B. C. 877. The repairs on the temple were completed B. C. 856. Parallel passages 2 Kings 12:1-15.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 5. *Joash*—or Jehoash. 2 Kings 12:1. He alone of all the royal family escaped when Athaliah usurped the throne. *Was minded to repair the house of the Lord*—the temple had become ruinous from neglect and the plundering of invaders and idolaters. V. 6. *Jehoiada*—who was reponsible for the neglect of those under him. V. 9. *They made proclamation*—from 2 Kings 12:4 we learn from what sources the money was collected. V. 13. *Set the house of God in his state*—made complete and substantial repairs. V. 14. *The rest of the money*—only the surplus after all was finished, and what was given later, was used for temple-vessels.

QUESTIONS.

I. INTRODUCTORY.—What was Athaliah? What did she do on her usurpation of the throne? How did Joash escape? How did Athaliah's usurpation end? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE KING'S DEVOUT DESIRE. vs. 4-7.—What did Joash desire to do? What command did he give the priests and Levites? Did they obey him? (Compare 2 Kings 12:7). What did the king say to Jehoiada? Why were these repairs necessary?

II. THE PEOPLE'S GENEROUS GIFTS. vs. 8-11.—What was done at the king's command? What proclamation was made? What did the princes and people do? Who had charge of the chest? Who counted the money? Was there any lack? What caused the change?

III. THE TEMPLE'S SPEEDY RESTORATION. vs. 12-14.—What was done with the money? What did the workmen do? What was done with what remained after the repairs were finished? How does this lesson illustrate the Golden Text?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That places of worship should be kept in good repair.
2. That we should give liberally and gladly for religious purposes.
3. That we should be willing workers in God's service.
4. That those in public office or employment should be faithful to the trusts committed to them.
5. That faithful workmen should be promptly paid.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What had been done to the temple? Ans. It had been plundered to build and enrich the temple of Baal.
2. What did Joash wish to do? Ans. He was minded to repair the house of the Lord.
3. What was the first plan to raise the money? Ans. The priests and Levites were directed to collect it and make the repairs.
4. What was done when this plan failed? Ans. A chest was placed at the door of the temple, and the money put into it.
5. How did this plan succeed? Ans. The money was soon raised, and the repairs were made.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ONE DAY.

The fire to kindle, the table to set,
The coffee to make, the breakfast to get,
The dishes to wash, the floor to sweep,
A watchful eye on the children to keep,
And—there's the baby crying!

The baby to wash and dress and feed,
The cows and pigs attention need;
The beds to make, the cheese to turn,
The chickens to feed, the milk to churn,
And—there's the baby crying!

The baby to quiet, the table to set,
The meat to roast, the dinner to get,
The dishes to wash, the pies to bake,
The ironing then my time will take,
And—there's the baby crying!

The baby to rock and put to bed,
The little chickens again to be fed;
The cows to milk, the table to set,
The kettle to boil, the supper to get,
And—there's the baby crying!

The baby to soothe ere supper I eat,
The dishes to wash, the room to make neat,
Then down to the basket of mending I sit,
Attention divided 'tween baby and it,
For—there's the baby crying!

God grant me strength and patience to bear
The every day round of household care;
To govern my kingdom in loving peace,
Until my rule at death shall cease,
And I at rest am lying.

—*Christian at Work.*

RAINY DAY AMUSEMENTS.

I never found any one thing which gave more satisfaction than a pair of blunt pointed scissors and paper. When a rainy day comes, one busy mother whom I know places a large comfortable on the sitting-room floor, and provides her small brood with newspapers and dull scissors. They cut from the paper, men, horses, cows, sheep, etc., also tubs of butter, webs of cloth, buttons, anything, in fact, of which they may think, and open a store. Sometimes they are partners, and all their joint energies are bent toward putting up a first-class store. Sometimes one has a farm, the other a store, etc. As mamma sits by with her sewing, she of course helps them plan, quells any tendency to quarrel, and keeps matters straight generally, as mothers have a habit of doing. This play gives pleasure to the little ones for a long time. When all through, they collect their "goods" in their little carts and wheel them out into the kitchen to light papa's fire with in the morning. The comfortable is gathered up, its contents shaken out, and all is in order again with very little trouble.

Here is another plan, which even young children can take part in. Show the child the word "the" in some newspaper; then let him find other "thes" and, with a lead pencil, mark each one. He will at once feel all the joy of a discoverer, and consequently will find the employment fascinating, and never dream that he has taken the first step in learning to read. When he has become thoroughly familiar with this word (after several days) let "and" be added, and other common words, until unconsciously the child has taught himself to read simple sentences.

Here is another use for the scissors. I know a little four-year-old girl who watches eagerly for the postman, in order to get envelopes from which to get postmarks and stamps. These she puts carefully away in a box and calls them her "treasures," although she has dolls, doll-carriages, tea-sets and a variety of toys. She has learned, too, to cut out pictures with surprising accuracy, and sometimes helps her mother by cutting out marked articles for a scrap-book. Other favorite amusements for little children are shelling pop-corn, and putting the string-bag in order by winding the strings on a spool or ball. A box of anagrams furnishes occupation for many hours, as even a child who does not know his letters will enjoy picking out those that look alike and putting them together in a pile.

Of course with all these things, care must be taken not to let the child become tired and nervous. They are valuable to give variety on a stormy day, to answer for a time that perennial question, "What shall I do?" but they should never be continued till they produce weariness. — *Western Rural.*

DR. TALMAGE'S BUSY WIFE.

Mrs. Talmage is distinctly her husband's right hand, and all the details of his busy life are looked after by her, says Edward W. Bok in *The Ladies' Home Journal.* She is a business woman, having a rare executive ability, capable of easily handling a number of things at the same time. Much of Dr. Talmage's daily work is planned and laid out by her. She makes his pastoral and social engagements, and all his lecturing interests are in her hands. She knows his capacities even better than he. Whenever a journey is to be made, it is she who lays out the route, procures the tickets and staterooms, and attends to all the details. No public man, perhaps, is saved so many annoyances as is Dr. Talmage by his wife's foresight and ability. The rear apartment of the second floor is Mrs. Talmage's working-room. It is tastefully furnished, but more with an eye to utility than ornamentation. In this room Mrs. Talmage spends most of her time. It is "her private den." All the mail that is left at the house for Dr. Talmage is taken into this room and is opened by her. It is not an unusual thing for the postman to deliver between one and two hundred letters a day, all of which pass through Mrs. Talmage's hands. Business letters are answered by her, and all letters that may be of an unpleasant or annoying personal nature are destroyed. Dr. Talmage never sees them.

A day in Mrs. Talmage's home would be a revelation to those who believe that the life of a public man's wife is a succession of pleasures, dotted here with a pretty compliment and there with some token of honor. While many people are yawning and preparing to break their night's rest, Mrs. Talmage is already up, opening the first mail. Breakfast is promptly at eight o'clock. Then the family separate and the wife begins to receive callers—which alone is a task. It is a well-known saying among the neighbors that "the Talmage bell is never still." All kinds of people must be seen, innumerable appointments made and kept, the pastoral work of the largest church in America must be looked after, the details of a score or more missionary, church, literary societies with which Mrs. Talmage, or her husband, is connected, have their demands, and, in addition to all these, are the household cares of a large house and a family of growing children. All the appointments of the Talmage home in Brooklyn reflect the woman who presides over it. Gaudiness in furniture or decorations is absent, and, instead, one sees a harmony of good taste on every hand. Mrs. Talmage is an excellent housekeeper and her home shows it.

THE HEROIC MOTHER.

We see a household brought up well; a mother who took alone the burden of life when her husband laid it down, without much property, out of her penury, by her planning and industry, night and day, by her fulness of love, by her fidelity, bring up her children; and life has six men, all of whom are like pillars in the temple of God.

Oh! do not read to me of the campaigns of Cæsar; tell me nothing about Napoleon's wonderful exploits; I tell you that as God and angels look down upon the silent history of that woman's administration, and upon those men-building processes which went on in her heart and mind through a score of years, nothing external, no outward development of kingdoms, no empire building, can compare with what she has done.

Nothing can compare in beauty, and wonder, and admirableness, and divinity itself, to the silent work in obscure dwellings of faithful women bringing their children to honor and virtue and piety.

I tell you the inside is larger than the outside; for the loom is more than the fabric; the thinker more than the thought; the builder more than the building.—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE CARE OF THE BROOMS.

The rapidity with which brooms ordinarily wear out is surprising. This is partly due to leaving the broom standing on its brush end when not in use, but more to carelessness in handling. A piece of strong cloth, or, better yet, an old woven under-flannel or stockinet, should be drawn on over the handle and down below the place where the broom splints are stitched. A few stitches with strong cotton yarn should fasten this cover both at its lower edge and gather and fasten it around the handle, sewing the stitches through and through. This cover holds the broom splints together, and prevents their breaking out and the tearing off of the banding of a broom which repeated striking against doors and mop-boards and reaching under heavy pieces of furniture does.—*Bazar.*

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

For removing mildew stains soak the article in milk for forty-eight hours. Or, rub with lemon juice and salt.

In roasting meat it is a good plan to turn with a spoon instead of a fork, as the latter pierces the meat and lets the juice out.

Clear boiling water will remove fruit and other stains; pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric.

Egg shells crushed into small bits or small white beans shaken well in decanters, three parts filled with cold water, will thoroughly clean the glass.

Two or three "holders" are indispensable to the cook. One holder should be attached by a tape to the cook's apron-band, so she can always have it at hand.

Wicks that are kept turned below the upper edge of the wick tube when the lamp is not lighted will not draw the oil up and allow it to run over on the outside of the lamp.

Every sleeping-room should have its windows open an hour every morning, and all the bed-clothing laid open to the air, where, if possible, the sun can shine upon them.

CHILDREN'S MANNERS.

It is a mistake to suppose that children will acquire good manners when they are, as people phrase it, "old enough" to understand their propriety, if the small observances of good breeding are ignored or neglected in the first four or five years. Mothers sometimes forget that the active and receptive stage of child-life in the nursery is never surpassed at a later period. The little one is taking impressions every moment, acquiring gentle habits or the opposite, picking up words and sentences, surprising his elders by the facility with which he learns what they would rather he should not know. In the baby's home the foundation is laid for the good or the bad manner of the mature man.—*Intelligencer.*

PRACTICAL PUDDINGS AND CAKES.

BY HELEN HASKELL.

GERMAN PUFFS.—Beat well three eggs, add one pint of milk, one pint of flour and a salt-spoonful of salt. Bake in gem pans in a quick oven. Serve hot, with the following sauce: Beat to a cream one cupful of sugar and a half cupful of butter. Add four tablespoonfuls of sweet cream. Set on the stove in a vessel of boiling water. Just before bringing to the table, add the flavoring.

DUTCH APPLE CAKE.—Mix one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder and a half teaspoonful of salt. Put in one-fourth of a cupful of butter. Then add one well-beaten egg and a scant cupful of milk. Spread this dough a half inch thick in a shallow pan. Pare, core, and cut into eighths, six or eight large apples; lay them closely in this dough, allowing the sharp edges to penetrate a little. Sprinkle sugar over the top, and bake about twenty minutes in a moderate oven. It may be eaten cold, but we think it delicious right from the oven with lemon sauce.

LEMON SAUCE.—Boil two cupfuls of water and one cupful of sugar five minutes. Then stir in three spoonfuls of cornstarch, wet in cold water, and let them boil ten minutes more. Add one tablespoonful of butter and the grated rind and juice of two lemons. It is then ready for use.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Grate two and one-half squares of chocolate. Heat one quart of milk scalding hot, and pour over the grated chocolate. Beat the yolks of five eggs and one cupful of sugar, and stir into this mixture. Add a pinch of salt. Put in custard cups and bake forty-five minutes. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Spread over the tops of the cups, return to the oven, and brown slightly.

OMELET.—Divide six eggs. Beat the yolks and to them add six tablespoonfuls of milk, a salt-spoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Beat the whites until stiff. Then stir lightly into the mixture. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a pan and when it begins to bubble throw in the omelet. Fry a golden brown, then fold over carefully.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—One cupful of sugar, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of butter, and three eggs. A cupful of sweet milk, three even cupfuls of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a pound of seeded raisins. Add a tablespoonful of cinnamon, ginger and cloves.

DORCAS CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, cream well, then add a half cup of sweet milk, two and a half cups of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, the whites of three eggs beaten to a froth, and a teaspoonful of lemon; bake in two layers in a quick oven; beat the yolks of the eggs, thicken them stiff with powdered sugar, flavor, spread between and on top of the cakes.—*N. Y. Observer.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

GEMS.—One pint of milk, one pint of ice-water, three quarters of a teaspoonful of salt and one quart of flour, stirred together well for five or six minutes. Have the iron gem-pan well buttered and very hot, on top of the stove. Fill while on the stove, set in the oven and bake for thirty-five minutes.

RYE DROP-CAKES.—Mix together two cupfuls and a half of rye flour, half a cupful of rye meal, one cupful of wheat flour, and one teaspoonful of salt. Stir in gradually three cupfuls and a half of milk, and add four well-beaten eggs. The rye meal can be done without, but the cakes are much better with it. Fill the iron gem-pans and bake as directed for gems.

JOHNNY CAKE.—Cream together one tablespoonful each of butter and sugar, as for any cake, add the beaten yolk of one egg (beat the white separately to add later); stir in one cupful and a quarter of flour, in which have been sifted three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking-powder and one cupful and three-quarters of Indian meal. Add half a teaspoonful of salt and stir in two scant cupfuls of milk. Lastly, add the beaten white of egg, and bake in a buttered gingerbread pan in a hot oven.

SPANISH BUNS.—One cup brown sugar, one-half cup molasses, one-half cup sour milk, four tablespoons melted butter, one egg and yolks of two (save the whites of two for frosting), one teaspoon soda, one and one-half cups of flour, one tablespoon cinnamon—the same of cloves if desired. Use brown sugar for the frosting, stirring until quite white.

BREAKFAST STEW.—Cut three-fourths pound of a cold roast in small pieces; heat slowly, with half a pint of water, one tablespoon chili-sauce, teaspoon salt, half teaspoonful pepper. Rub two tablespoonfuls flour with one of butter and a little of the hot gravy; add to the beef, and let cook until the flour is done. Serve with bits of toast.

CHICKEN CREAM SOUP.—Three pints of the water in which a chicken has been boiled, with all fat removed, one pint of rich cream, four eggs, one cupful of bread crumbs, salt, pepper and celery-salt. Heat the water to the boiling point. Boil the eggs for twenty-five minutes and mash the yolks with the bread crumbs, which should be softened in a little milk. Heat the cream to near boiling, stir it gradually into the eggs and crumbs, pour the mixture into the chicken water and boil five minutes. Season to taste with salt, pepper and celery-salt and a little onion, if preferred.

RAISED RICE MUFFINS.—Cream together one tablespoonful each of sugar and butter, and stir in two beaten eggs. Then add three pints of sifted flour and a pint of warm milk, and afterward add a cupful of boiled rice and half a yeast cake dissolved in two-thirds of a cupful of milk, and stir in with a spoon seven or eight minutes. Leave to rise over night. In the morning butter the dripping-pan and muffin-rings and set the latter carefully in the pan. Fill nearly three-quarters full with batter and let them rise for about an hour, until the rings are full. Bake in a hot oven for about half an hour. These muffins can also be baked on a griddle.

PUZZLES.—No. 9.

ENIGMA.

My first is in apple, but not in cherry,
My second is in pear, but not in berry,
My third is in windstorm, but not in gale,
My fourth is in prison, but not in gaol,
My fifth's in compassion, not in pity,
My whole is the name of a famous city.

E. A. MACNISH.

EASY WORD CHANGE.

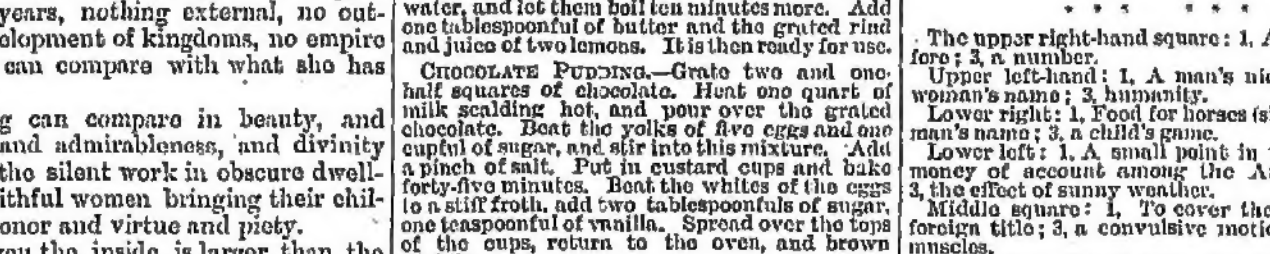
1. Change "late" to "gall" in three words.
2. Change "bide" to "risk" in three words.
3. Change "last" to "fish" in three words.
4. Change "name" to "life" in three words.
5. Change "cake" to "mice" in three words.
6. Change "dame" to "ball" in three words.

SINGLE ACROSTIC.

1. To mix dough for bread. 2. To blot out. 3. To make reparation. 4. An herb. 5. A tablet used to write upon.

These sentences may each be expressed by a word of five letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed below one another in the order here given, the initial letters will spell the name of an English poet.

UNITED SQUARE WORDS.



The upper right-hand square: 1. A cave; 2, before; 3, a number.

Upper left-hand: 1, A man's nickname; 2, a woman's name; 3, humanity.

Lower right: 1, Food for horses (singular); 2, a man's name; 3, a child's game.

Lower left: 1, A small point in writing; 2, a money of account among the Anglo-Saxons; 3, the effect of sunny weather.

Middle square: 1, To cover the head; 2, a foreign title; 3, a convulsive motion of certain muscles.

The word on the right hand extending down on the right of all the square words on that side, is the skirt of a woman.

On the left, an important island.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 8.

RIDDLE-ME-REE.—*Down.*

WHAT AM I.—A bat.

CHARADE.—You-ten-sil. Utensil.

ENIGMA.—Do not put off until to-morrow what should be done to-day.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

The following correct answers have been received: From Jennie M. Gaynor, 3; E. A. MacNish, 5; John Duckett, 1. EDITOR PUZZLES.

The Family Circle.

THE NEW BABY.

"There is a dear new baby
  Just ready for the earth,"
Was said among the angels,
  Before the Christmas mirth.
"Where shall it go? To what new home
Shall its soft little footsteps roam?"

"It is a fair, sweet baby,
  With curls of golden hair,
And blue eyes all unclouded
  By sight of grief or care.
I wish for it a lovely home
Where nothing wrong shall ever come."

So spoke its guardian angel
  And held its little hand,
As loath to let it wander
  Into the lower land.
And with his pure and holy eyes
He seemed to peer adown the skies,
To find the babe he loved a home
As fair and sweet as heaven's dome.

"Alas!" said an old angel,
  "The earth is full of woe.
I have been sent on errands
  To many homes below,
And much I fear your baby dear
Will soil his spirit's snow.
Don't send him from your loving side;
You know not what may him betide."

"He has been promised, Master,"
  The guardian sadly said.
"I love him well, but he must dwell
  Where stars shine overhead.
I cannot change the great decree,
Tho' fearing what his fate may be.

"But this I'll pray, to linger
  Anear the lower land.
And stay where I can listen
  To all the household band,
And see if they are good and sweet
To this dear gift, which soon they'll greet.

"If all are good and gentle,
  And speak full lovingly,
Or sing to him sweet music,
  So that he'll not miss me,
Then I will leave him in that home,
Perhaps for many years to come.

"But if the sound of striving
  Should fall upon my ear;
If angry words or actions
  Should come my babe anear;
If aught should soil his spirit's snow,
I could not leave him there below.
I'd softly fly and take his hand,
And bear him back to heaven's land."

"But wait awhile, dear spirit,"
  The older angel cried;
"His gentleness will surely bless
  The children by his side.
Stay thou in sight, a love-star bright,
And hope, and watch, and pray.
The words of wrong will change to song,
And then thy babe may stay?"

—*Selected.*

THE PRICE SHE PAID.

"Girls, I am not coming to Sunday-school any more."

"Why, Sue Lester, what is the matter?" asked impetuous Clara Brown. "Have we done anything to offend you? I thought you liked Miss Steadman so much."

"My dear child," replied Sue with that touch of condescension that had lately betrayed itself in her manner, "nothing is the matter. I would not allow any one to keep me away from Sunday-school if I cared to come. I do like Miss Steadman, only—I have made up my mind that I am not coming any more."

Sue Lester was a very popular girl. Every one in the Second Place Church, from stately Dr. Reynolds, the pastor, to old Peters, the sexton, liked her. She had grown up in the Sunday-school. When little more than a baby she entered the infant class, and sat side by side with the girls who were now her class-mates in the "Senior Department." No one had been more regular nor punctual in attendance than she. Every good work appealed to her sympathetic heart and generous hand, and yet—Sue was not coming to Sunday-school any more. The girls could not understand.

"The class will be broken up," protested Grace Mather. "We can never get along without you, Sue."

Belle Johnson gave an incredulous gasp. "She don't mean it, girls," she said, "she is only trying to frighten us."

"But I do mean it," replied Sue firmly. "See," as she held up a daintily addressed envelope, "here is a note for Miss Steadman. I am going to post it now."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," snapped spunky Kate Day. "After all Miss Steadman's kindness."

Sue's face flushed. This last shot told. Her conscience would give an uneasy stir whenever she allowed herself to think of the possible pain she might inflict on the faithful teacher, whom she had not had the heart to tell of her decision. The letter made her feel like a coward, and yet she was going to send it.

She spoke decidedly. "Now, girls, understand, I love and admire Miss Steadman beyond anything, and I do not mean to let the fact of my giving up Sunday-school interfere with our friendship, it is only—because I am too old to come any more."

Too old! The girls stood dumb. Sue was exactly seventeen, and Grace was eighteen, and Kate had celebrated her twentieth birthday six months ago. "Why, Sue!" they cried at last in an astonished chorus, and rash Kate sputtered away in her reckless fashion:

"I should like to have any one tell you you were too old for anything else—music lessons or fancy work. I guess they'd catch it."

Sarcasm, coaxing, and even tears were lost on Sue. As her mother said she had not inherited her father's square chin for nothing. She simply stuck to her decision, and her place in the Second Church Sunday-school saw her no more.

Miss Steadman was a lonely old maid, with no home ties. Her Sunday-school class was the one bright spot in her life. From Monday morning till Saturday night, as she toiled in the shop where she was employed, "her girls," as she proudly called them, were in every thought. Her plain little room was made beautiful in her eyes by their gifts. Their photographs, taken at all ages, formed the only adornment of her walls, and the bits of childish, uneven fancy work she cherished with a mother's tenderness.

The idea had never occurred to her that anything but death could separate them from her. To be sure, of late, she had sometimes feared that in time one of her girls might marry, but she comforted herself with the thought that they were nothing but children, and put the evil day far from her.

When she took Sue's letter from the postmaster's hand with a cheery good morning, she recognized the penmanship with a thrill of delight.

"The dear girl has seemed different lately," she thought; "so preoccupied. I noticed it yesterday; perhaps my prayers are answered, and she is asking the way of eternal life."

With fleet, joyful step she ran up the shabby stair-way. She had five minutes to spare, and she must be alone when she read the precious letter. "The darling girl," she said brokenly. "Oh, how good God is to me!"

An hour later stout Mrs. Gibbs, the landlady, dragged her ponderous weight up to the closed door. There was not a sound; she knocked loudly, still there was no response.

"Miss Steadman," she called shrilly, "be you sick? it's long past your time for leavin'."

There was no reply. At last, in genuine alarm, she pushed open the door and entered the little room. There sat Miss Steadman in the rocking-chair the girls had given her last Christmas, tightly clutching a letter in her hand. She was not crying, neither was there the trace of a tear on her face; but as Mrs. Gibbs afterward told Sally, the maid-of-all-work, "She looked dazed like, as if she had got her death blow."

Even the floorwalker, whose heart was supposed to be a nether mill stone; checked the sharp words of reprimand, as he looked at the face of the little woman who had committed the awful crime of being an hour late.

"Lost a friend, Miss Steadman?" he asked, not unkindly. She bowed her head in silence.

Mr. Burns, the superintendent of the Second Place Sunday-school, was in a despondent mood. Every thing seemed going wrong. One of his best teachers had removed to a distant city. Mr. White's health would not permit him to teach any longer, and, to crown all, Miss Steadman, the most faithful of all his workers, insisted upon giving up her class. "I cannot understand it," he said to his wife. "She has had those girls ten years and was doing splendid work. No stranger can come in and continue it. The most puzzling thing about the whole matter is that she will give no reason only that the girls have outgrown her, and she has not the time nor the opportunities to keep up with them mentally. I confess I am provoked; it is just like a woman."

Mrs. Burns looked thoughtful. "Depend upon it, James," she said, "there is something back of this. I am afraid her health is failing. I noticed that she looked very old and pinched, as if she had some incurable disease. Her manner, too, was perfectly apathetic."

Mr. Burns lost an entire class from his Sunday-school. The girls said "they did not want another teacher," and one by one drifted away. Grace and Kate to take charge of classes themselves, and the others to a nominal membership in the Bible class.

One bright October morning, when even Jay street looked beautiful in the glorious sunshine, the passers-by saw a rusty bit of crape fluttering from the door-way of No. sixty-eight.

"Who's dead, Bill?" asked the butcher of the milkman.

"Only old maid Steadman," he replied carelessly.

Mrs. Gibbs, red-eyed and weary from hours of watching, sobbed as she answered the shocked inquiries of Doctor Reynolds.

"She warn't really sick long, only two days; but ever since spring she has pined away like. She was light-headed to the last, and kept talkin' about some one as understood, because, 'He was wounded in the house of his friends.'"

Years passed. Sue Lester was a sad-faced middle-aged woman. "Life had gone hard with her," she said bitterly.

To-day she was standing in her dreary home listening to the church bells. How their sound brought back everything, the old Sunday-school room, the girls, and Miss Steadman's loving face.

There was a yawn and muttered oath as the bloated, blear-eyed man whom Sue for twenty years of bondage had called husband, lounged up to the window and looked out on the passers-by.

"Crying as usual," he said carelessly. "It's enough to make a man tired of life."

"I was only thinking," said Sue timidly, "that I made a mistake when I outgrow Sunday-school."

"What made you give it up then?"

"Why, Jack, don't you remember how you used to say it was so childish for a girl of my mind to listen to an old maid's nursery rhymes, and besides, don't you remember you always used to call on me Sunday afternoons, and if I went out I missed seeing you?"

"Did I? I've forgotten. I wish to heavens you had had sense enough to have gone. A man is a fool that marries now-a-days."

"And a girl is more than a fool to give up her God for any man," said Sue bitterly. *Helen Jay in Christian Intelligencer.*

A GILDED TOMB.

Mr. S., a wealthy gentleman of the old school, lived near Boston forty years since, and was widely known and respected as a public-spirited, benevolent man. He was of commanding presence, and his dignified but genial appearance upon our streets always attracted attention and respect. He once told the writer that his housekeeper came to him one day and said: "Mr. S., I think it would be well for you to call at the Emmons's. They have lost a child and are in sorrow." (Mr. Emmons was a tenant of Mr. S., living in a little cottage near his mansion.) Mr. S. at once resolved to go, and the next day called at the cottage. He was politely ushered in, and made an effort to assure the parents of his kindest sympathy. For some unaccountable reason, however, it was received in silence. The stricken father and mother sat looking at the fire upon the hearth, but with a reserve and a reticence for which he could not account, especially as until this time their relations had been pleasant. The three children, also, sat motionless and silent about the fire, without any attempt at reply. Mr. S. having exhausted his resources, and finding upon the part of the family no effort to appreciate his well-meant words, prepared to leave. As he was gathering his hat and gloves the father, for the first time, spoke "Oh, well, Mr. S.," said he, "it is very kind of you to come and see us in our time of trouble, but it isn't possible for a wealthy man like you, living in your elegant house, to understand the sorrows of people situated as we are." The mystery was at last solved. "Oh, that's it," mentally said Mr. S., and at once he commenced to turn the tables.

"Mr. Emmons, this is your wife sitting *by your side?*"

"Why, yes, sir," said the man, with surprise.

"Well, sir, my wife has been in an insane asylum for more than twenty years."

The faces of the two parents turned instantly a deep red, but they could not reply.

"This is your son sitting by your fireside, is it?"

"Yes, sir, it is."

"My son, my first-born son, was killed in battle. This is your daughter, I believe; mine died of lingering disease, and I closed her eyes feeling that I was a man deeply and sorrowfully afflicted;—and so—you think me incapable of true sympathy! My house is desolate; my wife and children are gone, and I am a sorrow-stricken old man, living, Mr. Emmons, in what you call an elegant home, but it is only a gilded tomb,—and so—you think I cannot sympathize with you."

"Do forgive us, Mr. S.," said both parents, with tears. "We are sorry that we were so blind and so inconsiderate," said the mother. "Yes, indeed we are," said the father.

How true the words of Holy Writ, "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." Behind a pleasant and serene exterior many a man bears heavy trials and sorrows unsuspected by the thoughtless world, but blessed indeed are those who, when all his waves and billows are gone over them, can look up with loving trust and confidence through the clouds, and rest in him who doeth all things well, and who in love and kindness has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."—*Mount Vernon in Watchman.*

SOWING AND REAPING.

Two young women many years ago were working together in a cotton factory in New England. The younger was willing to consecrate her life to mission work; but, with her slender means, saw no prospect of obtaining an education which would qualify her for such a life. Her companion felt equal interest in foreign missions, but realized that she was not endowed for such responsible work. If she could not go, she could aid in preparing her young friend for the mission field. She reserved from her earnings barely sufficient for food and clothing, often exercising the severest self-denial, and devoted all the rest to the education of her companion. She lived long enough to complete her task. Her friend, equipped for her mission, was ready with her husband to sail for Siam, and then the young cotton-spinner was laid in her grave. "She had done what she could." For fifteen years her friend shared her husband's toil in Siam and China. She helped him to give the New Testament to millions in their own tongue. She rejoiced with him as she saw the sheaves gathered from the harvest field. When they rested in their graves, their son took up the mantle, and is now in the mission field, gathering the ripening grain.

"He that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together." One must go and preach the Gospel to the nations; another must send out and sustain the messenger. Both, in the great day of the harvest, shall receive their reward. That simple-hearted cotton-spinner will share the joy of her sister who gathered in the sheaves.

You cannot go, but you can send. Men and women are saying, "Here am I; send me." Will you send, and share with the reaper the joy of the harvest?—*Miss. Reporter.*

REV. ANDREW MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "ABIDE IN CHRIST," ETC.

A few years ago only a very few people were at all familiar with Andrew Murray's work. Save by those who had friends in South Africa, or were otherwise interested in the work of the Gospel there, he had hardly been heard of. Nor was much interest aroused when one London publishing firm announced a little volume entitled, "Abide in Christ," by a minister resident at the Cape. The sale was not first such as to warrant the hope of extensive popularity. But very quickly some of the thoughtful spirits that gather around the Mildmay Conference discovered that there was a blessing in the volume, and joyfully proclaimed the fact. This led to many more procuring it. Five other volumes appeared in annual succession, and so welcome have they been to readers of Christian literature, that at this hour there are few names which are more familiar than that of their beloved author.

As his name suggests, Andrew Murray is of Scottish extraction. Nearly seventy years ago the Governor of Cape Colony sent an urgent request to Scotland for a number of ministers to come out and work amongst the growing population there. Amongst the ten or twelve who responded was a Rev. Mr. Murray, a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, who was speedily settled at Graaf Reinet. Another brother of the same family became a minister in Scotland, and was soon well known as Dr. John Murray, of the Free North Church, Aberdeen. Mr. Murray had been but a short time in Africa when he made his influence felt. He was eminently a man of prayer, and before he died he had the joy of seeing very many connected with his flock added to the Lord.

But while thus exercising his gifts as a Christian minister, Mr. Murray had the additional honor and reward of becoming the father of a large family. Five of his sons became devoted ministers of the Dutch Reformed Church of South Africa, Four of his daughters became ministers' wives, while another daughter is still the Principal of a large school for girls. One of the sons, born at Graaf Reinet on May 9, 1828, was named Andrew after some of his kindred. And it is this Scoto-African with whom we are now concerned.

The preparation for the work which lay before Mr. Murray is seen even in his boyhood. When his eldest brother was sent to Aberdeen to complete his classical education, Andrew, then only nine years of age, accompanied him. There, while they were carrying on their studies in the Granite City, William Burns, afterwards the noble missionary in China, was frequently preaching there, and both the young men, enjoying the best opportunities of intercourse with him, caught not a little of his heroic fire. After graduation, they went to Holland to complete their theological education at the University of Utrecht.

Diligent in study and earnest in Christian effort, they were soon the centre of a circle of zealous disciples, and both took an active part in the formation of the students' missionary society named, "Thy Kingdom come" Association. When the curriculum at Utrecht was finished, they returned to South Africa, the elder brother to become first a minister, and ultimately a Professor in the Dutch theological seminary of Stellenbosch; the younger, Andrew, to be appointed to what was then the British Sovereignty, and now the Orange Free State.

Mr. Murray was only twenty years of age when he was ordained to this work. And for a long period he was to be the only minister in the wide territory; but he was not dismayed. He was constantly travelling to all parts of his vast parish, and very frequently passed across the border into the Transvaal, whose scattered population was then without any pastoral oversight. The people gladly gathered in large numbers to worship with him, generally in the open air, sometimes under sails stretched as a protection from the burning sun.

The influence of this activity is felt still in the whole province. It was while he was thus engaged that Mr. Murray found a helpmeet for himself in the person of Miss Emma Rutherford, daughter of Mr. Howson S. Rutherford, one of the leading merchants of Cape Town, and well known as a staunch friend and generous supporter of the Lord's work in the whole country. It may be readily believed that it was to no paradisaic locality that the young bride was taken, but for the sake of her husband and the Gospel of his Master, she bravely faced and shared all the hardships of life on the frontier.

In 1860 he received a call to Worcester, an important inland town of Cape Colony, about eighty miles from Cape Town. It was at this time that the great wave of revival which, beginning with America and Ireland, and sweeping over the Eastern world, rolled in gladness also over South Africa. There was at Worcester a very marvellous manifestation of the convincing and converting power of the Spirit of Christ. A multitude of souls were gathered into the Kingdom, and the hands of the Lord's servants were full of work.

It was while pastor at Worcester that Mr. Murray began to present some of his utterances in literary form. Amongst the first of his books was a little volume entitled, "Waarom gelooft gij niet?" ("Why do you not believe?"), and another named, "Het nieuw Leven" ("The New Life"), a series of counsels to young Christians who have lately entered the narrow way. Both of these, and especially the latter, have been much blessed to many, and are still widely circulated at the Cape and in Holland. As we have indicated, they were first written in Dutch. So also were two other volumes which he published at this period, "Abide in Christ" and "Our Children for Christ." After remaining at Worcester for four years, Mr. Murray accepted a call to Capetown, where he remained about the same length of time. The work here was felt by him to be encompassed by many difficulties. There were three Dutch churches in the city, in which, according to the method still pursued in Holland, three ministers preached in turn. The arrangement prevented the growth of that strong pastoral sympathy which Mr. Murray had hitherto found a most valuable element in his work. He asked that he might have a church and a portion of the people as his own congregation. This being declined, he felt free to wait for a door of the Word in another quarter. This at last came in 1871 through a call to Wellington, a pleasant town about thirty miles from Cape Town, on the part of a congregation largely composed of descendants of French Huguenot families who had fled thither in the days of their tribulation, and become associated with the Dutch Reformed Church.

THE REV. ANDREW MURRAY.

It is in this sphere that Mr. Murray still lives and works with great joy and success. The people have plainly inherited the blessing promised to thousands of them that love the Lord and keep his commandments. And this is seen in the fact that again and again there have been most blessed times of refreshing and large harvests of souls for the Kingdom of the Lord. This, under God, is largely due to the single-hearted resolve of the pastor to know nothing among the people but Christ and Him crucified, and to seek above all things the salvation of souls. No one who looks at his spare, bent form, and watches the play of his deeply thoughtful yet kindly face, can doubt that he is a born student. But, as a friend of the present writer says: "This power is utterly subordinated to the spiritual purposes of the conversion and quickening of his hearers. I cannot imagine Mr. Murray sitting down to write a good sermon. That could never be his motive. He wants to convert or to build up and consecrate, and everything else is swept out of the way to gain these ends."

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that, successful as Mr. Murray is as a pastor, he is a pastor and nothing more. He has also done a grand work as a Christian educationist. Even in his first charge he spared no pains to get good teachers for his people. And he has pursued the same aim ever since. This desire has been fulfilled with remarkable success in Wellington. Shortly after his removal thither he became acquainted with the life and work of Mary Lyon, of Mount Holyoke Seminary, in America, and became fired with the resolve to have a similar institution in South Africa, where the conversion and Christian education of girls might be made the chief aim. "This is what I have always wanted," said he. "In sending for teachers to England and Scotland I have no security that they will understand this aim, or enter fully into it. I shall send to America for teachers." He did so, and, being fortunate enough to secure the services of Misses Ferguson and Bliss, from Holyoke, he founded in 1874 the Huguenot Seminary at Wellington, over which these ladies still preside.

There are about two hundred young ladies from all parts of South Africa being educated on the methods of Mount Holyoke and in the same spirit. A minister of the Dutch Reformed Church at Cape Town tells us: "It is difficult to say in a few words what blessings this institution has conferred on South Africa, not only by the education in a Christian spirit of many hundreds of young ladies, but also by a large number of them having become teachers imbued with the spirit of the Huguenot Seminary." "The story of the conversions and revivals at this institution," writes another, "is quite wonderful; and now there are several schools throughout the country which look to the Huguenot Seminary as their mother, and work on the same principles." The most prominent feature in the whole education is the paramount importance attached to Christian missions.

While maintaining this oversight of his flock and the Christian schools of the province, Mr. Murray is as much as ever bent on carrying forward the work of evangelization. In this direction he has had marvellous blessing. His tours on special missions have of late extended not only to the eastern province of the Colony, but also to the Free State, the Transvaal, and Natal. And we are informed that there are hardly any congregations in these different States where there are not found those who now look up to him as their spiritual father.

Mr. Murray has also established at Wellington a training seminary for missionaries to the Kaffirs, and other tribes. Here a much simpler course of study is required than for ordinary pastors. The students are ordained simply as missionaries, but they do a work which could not be carried on by any other agency. Amongst Mr. Murray's own relatives, also, the missionary spirit is still being deeply cherished. It is but recently that one of his nephews, Rev. Andrew C. Murray, has gone to Lake Nyassa as a missionary of the Dutch Church, and is to co-operate with the other Scotch brethren already there.

In connection with his work as an evangelist, one of our correspondents says: "I think all will admit that they never hear him without being stirred up from the very foundation, and made to feel as if they were only beginning the Christian life, and had yet to learn what full trust and consecration mean."

It is with this same power that his last four works, "Like Christ," "With Christ," "Holy in Christ," and "The Spirit of Christ," are fraught. All of them were written at Wellington, and only after the topics they deal with had been studied and meditated on, and spoken about at Christian conferences on subjects akin to them. One of the most remarkable of those already issued has always seemed to us to be that entitled, "With Christ in the School of Prayer." No book of the kind in our time deserves to be studied more. Here, also, Mr. Murray writes out of his own experience. This is true even of his manifest leaning towards faith in the power of prayer as an instrument in the healing of physical diseases. Mr. Murray propounds no dogmatic teaching on this subject. But, like Canon Wilberforce, he has a crisis in his life to look back upon, which constrains him to keep his heart open for growing light on the whole matter. In a severe illness in 1879 he suffered so much from a relaxed throat that he was told he would never be able to use his voice again. And for three years he was actually unable to preach. Subsequently he visited England and consulted physicians, who gave him little encouragement. But he was led to reside at Bethshan, and there he opened his heart by faith so fully to the power of the Lord that he was speedily restored; and he returned to Africa to resume not only his ordinary duties but an amount of additional service that has been a marvel to all who know him.

So lives and works, then, this faithful servant of Christ. He has a remarkable power of winning the confidence of men, and we learn without surprise that even in earlier years he was twice appointed a deputy on important missions to England in connection with civil questions in his country. But the Church is his chosen field of work. Moderator of Synod for no less than three times, he is honored and loved by all his ministerial brethen.—*The Christian.*

IN THE OLD APPLE-TREE.

BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

(By Joanna H. Mathews.)

CHAPTER I.—STOLEN FRUIT.

At a right angle, or what Jim calls "catty cornered" from our house, and facing another side of the square on which we live, is a large house with a broad stoop, having an arched and grated opening in the mass of stone-work built in below the steps on the side nearest to us; while the other side, that which affords access from the court-yard to the basement door, is guarded by a heavy iron gate, closed and locked at night.

The family living there are, employers and servants, one of the latest households in the neighborhood; and, long after doors, windows and blinds of other houses are thrown open to the morning air and light, this remains securely shut. Hence it came that when the milkman passed on his early rounds, he—probably by some private and friendly arrangement with the lazy cook—was wont to pass the day's supply of milk through the grating aforesaid, and pour it into a pail placed there for the purpose.

"Here, Amy, come quick!" called Milly, as she stood one bright morning before our window, peering through the closed blinds at the beauty of the square in its early morning freshness, and lazily drawing the comb through her long, soft hair, while I was enjoying that half delicious, half aggravating ten minutes which precedes the inevitable time when one knows one must rise.

"What is it?" I murmured, sleepily.

"Such fun!" said Milly, with her low, soft laugh, which, low as it was, always sounded so full of true enjoyment. "Such fun! and yet I don't know if I ought to laugh or call it funny," she added.

But, not withstanding her own protest, a smile still played about her eyes and lips; and, drowsiness and indolence fairly conquered by the desire to see what could so amuse "St. Milly," in spite of the reproofs of her sensitive conscience, I sprang from the bed and rushed bare-footed and dishevelled to the window.

"The young wretches!" was my comment upon the scene which met my eyes as they followed the direction of Milly's.

"Poor children!" said Milly, while a shade of tender, pitying gravity chased the laughing light from her eyes, to be in its turn banished by her sense of the ludicrous. And the fun of the situation also overpowering my disgust, we both indulged in a hearty laugh.

At the Fanning's grating stood two young ragamuffins, dirty beyond description, hands and faces begrimed, clothes in tatters, bare-footed, one hatless, the other with the merest apology for that covering, and hair—but that passes description. Each had a French roll in his hand, and was passing it through the grating, and by turns dipping it into the pail of milk, which stood just within their reach, drawing it back dripping with the liquid, and thus making what was doubtless to them a most luscious breakfast, the enjoyment of which must have been somewhat interfered with by the constant watchfulness it was necessary to maintain lest they should be caught. While one dipped the other kept his eye upon the street, on the look-out, evidently, for a guardian of the public peace, or any other person who might take it upon himself to interfere with their repast; nevertheless, it was plainly to be seen that they did enjoy the stolen opportunity. The mingled fun, fear and satisfaction of their aspect was unmistakable, and we watched them with increasing amusement.

"Just imagine the disgust of the Fannings if they knew of this!" I ejaculated. "Think of having one's breakfast out of that pail of of milk! Ought we not to send them word, Milly?"

"How hungry the poor boys must be!" said my tender-hearted sister, either ignoring or not hearing my question.

"I dare say they've stolen the rolls, too; the little wretches!" was my rejoinder (but then I never did have such quick sympathies as Milly, nor did I have such a "way" with children and my inferiors). "It would serve them right if a policeman did come and catch them!"

But the repast was finished in such peace as the dread of discovery allowed. No policeman appeared; no one came from the house; and as for the two or three passers-by who came from the direction whence they would be likely to see the boys, they perceived nothing amiss, the young culprits being at such times engaged in standing upon their heads, or pursuing some other apparently innocent diversion, returning to their breakfast as soon as the coast was clear.

When the rolls—and with them the means of procuring more milk—had vanished, the boys, seemingly with consciences devoid of all offence, danced hilariously down the street.

An hour or so later Milly and I descended to our own family breakfast table, where order and comfort reigned supreme, under the supervision of old Thomas.

A new French baker had of late been tickling our palates with his delicious rolls; and as we were a numerous family, the day's supply of a dozen was apt to vanish at the morning meal.

No one observed anything unusual until Thomas, with his ordinary flourish, handed the plate of rolls to father, while at the same time he addressed himself to mother.

"I am sorry to say, ma'am, the rolls is short this morning. The baker had put the dozen into his basket, and left it standing out by the area next door while he went in there; and when he came out there was four gone—stolen—and he had no more to leave us."

Milly and I exchanged looks, mine saying, "There! what did I tell you?"

"Milly and Amy know something about the rolls," said Douglas, interpreting our glances.

"They have been breakfasting before," laughed Norman. "Breakfast for two isn't fair in such a large family as this, if one takes the lion's share."

Here I caught the eye of brother Edward, whose room had the same frontage as Milly's and mine, and I saw by its knowing sparkle that he too had witnessed the occurrence of the early morning.

"Brother Ned's in that secret, too," said quick-sighted Douglas. "What is it? What have you three been about?"

"There's no secret," said Milly. And the story was soon told, and no doubt remained in the minds of any of the family whence had come the diminution of our daily rations.

Father and Edward were in the habit of reading aloud little items from the morning papers as they scanned them while lingering over the last cup of coffee; and among others the former gave us one relating to the immense crowds which were now daily assembling to join in the services held by Moody and Sankey.

"I am going to hear them this afternoon," said Milly. "Who will come with me?"

"I will," I answered. "I have wanted to hear them for ever so long."

"And I will," said Bessie Sandford, who, with her mother, was making us a visit.

In addition to these two volunteers a small voice piped up:

"Couldn't I go, sister Milly? I will sit quiet and be very, very good. And please take Allie, too."

"But I am afraid that you and Alice would get tired, dearie," answered Milly to the plea of the five-year-old pet and darling of the household. "You would have to sit still for a long time."

"But we want to hear the music so!" said Daisy. "And we know some of the songs. If they sing 'Hold the Fort' we can sing, too, and help lots!"

This argument prevailed, and Milly promised to take the little ones if mother were willing.

But mother demurred, not only to letting the children go, but also to giving her sanction to the elder ones. Dear mother was strong on *les convenances*, and she did not feel that it was altogether "the thing" to have her daughters go to any public place without the protection of some chaperone. And as she and Mrs. Sandford had an engagement for the afternoon neither could go with us; and, of course, the gentlemen of the family were out of the question, the claims of business keeping them down town. But they put in a word for us, saying there was not the slightest impropriety in our going alone; and at length mother was persuaded to consent, although it was a consent under protest.

The children were enchanted. I must confess that I believe Milly was the only one among us elder ones who would have been signally disappointed if mother had absolutely vetoed the expedition. Bessie had only said she would go because Milly and I were going; and I, for my part, while intending to go some time, would have preferred another day, and thought of half a dozen things which would have been more agreeable, after the matter was decided in favor of the meeting.

However, I would not draw back now, or throw any damper upon the enthusiasm of Milly and the children; and at the appointed hour we all set forth.

We were very early. There were not more than a hundred or so of people in the building; and, having an unlimited choice of seats, we secured good places where we thought we could see and hear, Milly being at the end of the line; and being thus comfortably settled, we congratulated ourselves and one another upon our success.

But this state of content was not of long continuance, for, presently, to our dismay, four rough, ragged, dirty boys, regular street Arabs, came clattering down the narrow aisle, and into that very row of seats, with no little bustle, and a "We're as good as you!" sort of air, which boded small peace and comfort for their neighbors during the approaching exercises. We gazed at them in disgust and apprehension, and fell to wishing ourselves anywhere else; while little Allie, who sat next to Milly, made as though she would really bolt out of the seat, and pet Daisy nestled down to me with wide open eyes, which questioned the right of these ragamuffins to approach so near.

Next to Milly sat the dirtiest and most ragged of the crew, a boy about twelve, his tattered jacket only half buttoned together, and showing glimpses of his brown and shirtless little breast. His pantaloons were no better; his feet were bare; his hands grimy beyond description; hair matted, and thrusting itself out in every direction through the holes and rents in the old straw hat which was scarcely worthy of the name. He irresistibly recalled the young thieves of the morning who had breakfasted at the expense of the Fannings and ourselves, although it did not occur to me that he had any connection with them other than a community of dirt and wretchedness. It might also have been wondered at that such a looking object should have obtained admittance, save that all who came were made welcome.

His companions were but a shade better in appearance, and from the moment of their entrance it seemed that there would not be much to choose between them in point of behavior. They were evidently all primed for as much mischief and annoyance as could be ventured upon without danger of immediate expulsion.

The boy next to Milly turned and scanned her, his bold, saucy eyes running over her pretty figure, from the flounce of her black silk dress to the daintily gloved hands lying in her lap, thence to the tasteful little bonnet with its wreath of field-flowers; but she did not shrink from his gaze, nor did she draw the folds of her skirts from their rather too close contact with his soiled rags, as more than one of us would have done.

Allie's aristocratic little soul was sorely vexed, and she pulled at Milly's dress, trying to draw her attention to arguments and persuasions whose tone I could guess, although I could not hear what she said.

(To be Continued.)

BREAKFAST FOR TWO.

(By Joanna H. Mathews.)

(Continued.)

But I was quite of the same mind myself; and presently I said, in French:

"Let us find other seats. We shall have no peace with those boys so near, and they are so disgustingly dirty, too!"

"We shall not find places as good, nor where we can all sit together," said Milly, in the same language, "the house is so full now. I do not think the boys will trouble us."

The rest of our party were of a different opinion, but it was true about the seats, for the house was now quite crowded; and we resigned ourselves to her decree with what grace we might, growing more and more uncomfortable under the scrutiny of the whole Arab party, which was now drawn upon us by the prolonged stare of Milly's next neighbor.

Having taken their fill of this, they began to make as many demonstrations as they dared, shuffling their feet, whistling half under their breath, making faces at our two little sisters—whose aspect became more and more solemn as they shrank closer to their protectors—chewing gum, spitting, and indulging in other diversions common to their class.

Matters went from bad to worse, and were attracting the attention of people about us, until finally the boy next to Milly produced a dirty pack of cards which he began to shuffle. How much further he would have gone can not be told; for a—to us—most unexpected check was put upon such lawless doings.

"Do you think we shall be able to hear here?" asked Milly, in her usual gentle tones, as she turned to the young ruffian at her side.

The hands which held the cards fell upon his knees as he stared open-mouthed at her, in utter astonishment at being thus addressed by a lady.

"Well, I guess so," he answered presently, in a voice more subdued than might have been expected from him; then, after a moment's pause he added; "I dunno 'bout the speakin', but we kin hear the singin' fust-rate. 'Taint no odds 'bout the speakin'."

"I would like to hear that, too," said Milly, graciously, "and I suppose we can if the house is quiet; but I believe that I, like you, count more on the singing. I hope we shall be able to hear both."

The scuffling and shuffling had ceased as the other boys listened in astonishment to the colloquy between the lady and their comrade.

"Have you ever been here before?" asked Milly, unheeding our amazement and by no means disguised disapprobation.

"Not here to this 'ere place," answered the boy, responding quite heartily, although with evidently increasing wonder, to her advances, "but I've ben lots o' times when I was to Pheladelphy. Sankey was up to there, you know, and Moody along of him."

"Oh! I am glad you have seen Mr. Sankey," said Milly, "for I have never seen him; and if you will point him out to me when he comes on the platform I will be very much obliged to you."

"I will!" said the boy who sat second from Milly, leaning eagerly forward. "I seen him lots of times! I'll show him to you, Missus!"

"No you won't nuther! She asked me fust, she did!" said the first boy, as if he really considered it a privilege to comply with the request.

"Thank you both," said Milly; and then she turned and addressed some simple remark to Allie, who, between fear, disgust and astonishment at sister's graciousness to our unwelcome neighbors, was almost overwhelmed.

The noises and expectorations and annoying restlessness were not resumed, although she had apparently turned her attention from the boys; and the pack of cards disappeared within the depths of the pocket whence they had been taken.

Again Milly's neighbor eyed her from head to foot, this time with less of impudence and aggression in his eye than it had worn before; and then, nudging the boy next him, said in a loud whisper which reached down the line of seats:

"I say, Bill, you change seats with me. You're more fit nor me to sit next such a high flyer as this one."

No sooner said than done. Bill readily complied, and, taking the seat next Milly, in his turn subjected her and the rest of our party to the closest scrutiny until the services began.

Chapter II.—Milly's Invitation.

"That's Moody! that's him!" said Bill, starting forward as that gentleman appeared upon the platform, and pointed him out with uplifted and obtrusive forefinger.

Then he sank back and sat quiet, and we were filled with surprise to see that his companions followed his lead. Not a quieter or better behaved group sat within that vast and crowded building; and it may be imagined how intense was our relief.

"Honor among thieves!" When Mr. Sankey came forward, hymn-book in hand, after the prayer with which the services were opened, and during which our objectionable neighbors were not only quiet but apparently attentive,—for I was not so devout myself but that I kept one eye upon them with grave doubts agitating my mind concerning the safety of Milly's pocket-book, watch and so forth—Bill did not offer to tell Milly that he was the man, but left it to Jim, who for the moment forgot his good behavior, and with his out-stretched finger pointed at him, said, in a voice so loud as to attract the attention of all about him:

"That's him! that's Sankey hisself!"

Milly's color rose, but she gave no other sign of annoyance, and merely smiled and nodded her thanks to her informant.

"Hold the Fort" was the hymn given out, and what was our astonishment when Bill joined in with the sweetest, clearest and truest of voices. Jim and the other two boys took their share with a vim and heartiness which were refreshing to hear, all of them knowing the words and carrying the tune very well; but Bill's birdlike notes were distinct above all the rest, and held us spell-bound, as they evidently did all of the vast congregation who were around us. The boy's voice was a marvel and delight, and would have been the pride of the friends of many a favored child of fortune.

Through the following exercises the boys still sat silent and well-behaved, save for an occasional restlessness which was perhaps only to be expected; but as soon as another hymn was given out they were at once interested and alert again.

In "Come, thou Fount of Every Blessing," which was now sung, Bill not only joined without one false note, but he uttered every word of the hymn. The rest of the hymns were not so familiar; but, nevertheless, he carolled forth the air, even when it was evident that he knew nothing of the words.

The services concluded, it became manifest that there was to be a scramble for a speedy exit, and that neither man, woman nor child among the departing throng would be suffered to stand in the way of these no-respecters-of-persons; but Milly's touch upon Bill's shoulder arrested not only him, but the whole group, who one and all turned to see what the lady would have with their mate, their begrimed faces expressing even more astonishment than they had worn when she addressed them before.

"What a beautiful voice you have!" said Milly, smiling kindly upon Bill. "Who taught you to sing?"

"Nobody teached me; it just come!" answered the boy, his hard face softening with pleasure as he looked up into the kind eyes which were bent upon him with an unmistakable expression of interest. "Nobody teached me; it just come. Leastways, the music just come. I can't help it; it's there, and it's boun' to come out. 'Hold the Fort' I guess everybody knows, don't they? An' 'Come Fount of Blessin' I learned with a lot more songs when I went to Sunday-school. An' for what they sing when I don't know the words I just holler the tune. I like it an' so does Jim."

"You don't go to Sunday-school now?" asked Milly, ignoring or unheeding the curious eyes which were turned upon her and the boy as the audience passed by.

"No, an' I ain't a-goin' to, nuther!" answered Bill, on the defensive the moment he suspected her of an attempt to urge attendance upon him. "Me and the chap what teached me to the Sunday-school had a row, more nor one on 'em, an' I quit for good. But not till arter I'd smashed the spectikles he was allers squintin' at me through."

"Oh, I am not going to ask you to go to Sunday-school," said Milly, carelessly, "at least, if you do not like it. But did you ever sing with the piano?"

More and more our wonder grew as we listened to the conversation between these oddly-matched interlocutors.

"O ho! My eye! Now ain't that likely?" jeered Bill. "Where would I get the pianner to sing by? We look like pianners, don't we? me an' Jim!" passing his arm through that of the latter, as he stood, open-mouthed and staring, beside him. "Me an' him is chums," he added, growing communicative; "an' warm even-in's we goes around to where we hears the pianners out the open winders, 'cause we likes the playin'; an' we knows the houses where we gits the best playin', too. An' sometimes we gits pennies for singin' ourselves, and there's a M. P. what likes our singin', an' he lets us sleep under the big stoops on his beat 'thout a stirrin' of us up. But us a tunin' up to pianners! Ain't that a good un, Jim?"

"Well, you might like it if you tried it, and I have a piano in the basement of my house in ——— Square," said Milly, giving the number of our residence; "and if you will come there to-morrow at nine o'clock we will have a little music. I will play for you and you shall sing for me."

The boys looked at one another, plainly so astonished at this invitation that they did not know whether or not to believe it to be given in earnest, and they were slow to respond.

"There ain't a-goin' to be no prayin' nor preachin'?" said Jim, at length.

"Not a word—nothing but music," said Milly; "and you can all come, or not, as you please. If you do not like it you need not come again; but," to Bill, "I should like to hear your voice with the accompaniment of the piano. Will you come and try it?"

"We'll come and take a squint, anyhow," said Jim, who seemed to be spokesman for the quartette. "I guess you're all square, you are, an' you bon't oflish if you are a swell;" and again his bold glance measured her from head to foot, and again scanned the other members of the party, but not with such approving looks. We were evidently considered "oflish." Then, with a "Come on, fellers!" he scrambled over the back of the seat, followed by his *confreres* and, in another moment, the whole four had disappeared among the crowd.

The "Os!" and "Ahs!" and "What do you means?" and "How could you, Millys!" which ensued may be imagined; all the exclamations of wonder, disapprobation and dismay.

Bring those dirty ragamuffins into our house! What would mother say? What mischief would they not do? And, although I would not mention my apprehensions before the children, my mind was sorely disturbed by the fear that these boys might be in league with older and worse ruffians, who might by this means find the *entree* to our house. I had heard of such things; and the dread of burglars having been my *bete noir* from my childhood up, my mind became filled with the most alarming visions of the final result of Milly's experiment.

And when we reached home, and the case was reported, mother's objections proved to be quite as numerous and strenuous as we had foreseen they would be; she could not endure that those dirty boys should set foot in her beautiful, well-ordered house, or come in contact with any of her children, large or small.

But her saint—"mother's saint" and "mother's perfection" were the names bestowed upon Milly quite as frequently as her own proper appellation, and not without good reason—persistently argued away all these objections, and although it cannot be said that she brought her to a different way of thinking, she obtained at length a reluctant consent to her project, on condition that if the boys were in any way mischievous or troublesome on this first visit they should not be allowed to come again.

Exactly what Milly proposed, what plan she meant to pursue with her unaccustomed *proteges* she could not have told herself; that she left for the future to decide. It was "only a sudden impulse," she said, which had led her to speak to Bill of his voice, and to offer to play the piano for him. As for addressing them in the first place, she had wanted to win peace for herself and the rest of our party, and it was always Milly's way" to gain her object by soft, winning manners and speech, and a certain sort of tact, or aptness, which invariably did the right thing in the right place. But, later, looking at the sudden impulse, it seemed to us a heaven-born thought, an angel shaft put into her hand wherewith to pierce the net of ignorance, misery and sin, so closely wrapped about these young waifs.

Of course, we were all on the *qui vive* the next morning, and Milly had many discouraging, pitying and apprehensive looks and speeches to encounter; but she laughed them all down, with an assumption of carelessness and security which both mother and I—comparing notes—were very sure she was far from feeling.

Brother Edward was the only one who upheld and encouraged her; although I strongly suspected that he, too, had some misgivings on the subject.

At the appointed hour Milly's extraordinary guests announced themselves by a long continued pull at the lower hall door, accompanied by thundering raps, and were admitted by old Thomas, under protest, as it were, for he sternly disapproved of the whole proceeding, although he did generally think that "Miss Milly" could not go far wrong. The opening of the basement door was really the business of old Mary Jane, our cook, and that most uncompromising of tyrants, an old family servant, who snubbed even our stately mamma when she saw fit occasion; but she positively and absolutely declined to open to "such riff-raff," and could by no means be brought to regard with a favorable or even tolerant eye "any of your mission doin's."

The "riff-raff" tumbled in helter-skelter, but Thomas received them with such freezing dignity and severity of aspect that once fairly within the house they became somewhat over-awed; and this desirable aspect was kept up for a while by their unaccustomed surroundings. Let it not be thought that they had, in common with the typical heroes of missionary efforts, washed their hands and faces, combed their hair, or made any attempt to make themselves more than ordinarily presentable; they were here the original Simon Pures, in unadulterated, unmitigated dirt, rags, and unkempedness. I will never believe that Milly's soul did not fail when she went down to receive them; but, even so, she gave no sign of faltering, either to her family or her young savages.

(To be Continued.)

THE BOY WHO HELPS HIS MOTHER.

As I went down the street to-day,
I saw a little lad
Whose face was just the kind of face
To make a person glad.
It was so plump and rosy-cheeked,
So cheerful and so bright,
It made me think of apple-time,
And filled me with delight.

I saw him busily at work,
While, blithe as blackbird's song,
His merry, mellow whistle rang
The pleasant street along.
"Oh, that's the kind of lad I like!"
I thought, as I passed by,
"These busy, cheery, whistling boys
Make grand men by-and-by."

Just then a playmate came along,
And leaned across the gate,
A plan that promised lots of fun
And frolic to relate.
"The boys are waiting for us now,
So hurry up," he cried.
My little whistler shook his head,
And "Can't come," he replied.

"Can't come? Why not, I'd like to know?
What hinders?" asked the other.
"Why, don't you see?" came the reply,
"I'm busy helping mother.
She's lots to do, and so I like
To help her all I can;
So I've no time for fun just now,"
Said this dear little man.

"I like to hear you talk like that,"
I told the little lad;
"Help mother all you can, and make
Her kind heart light and glad."
It does me good to think of him,
And know that there are others
Who, like this manly little boy,
Take hold and help their mothers.

—*Golden Days.*

TWO WAYS.

BY LAURA J. RITTENHOUSE.

"Hurry up, Rachel, and peel the potatoes—it'll take a peck, at least, thrashers are always so hungry. I'm glad we picked the chickens yesterday, or I'd never a got the pot-pie done in time. And the beets and eggs is pickled, that's another thing, and the ham boiled and the pies made. I calculate we'll have about as good a dinner as they have over at Johnston's, at any rate," said plump Mrs. Hodge with housewifely pride.

Then, as she looked at her busy daughter, her eyes lighted up with loving approbation.

"Dear-a-me, how thankful I am that you are home again, Rachel. Seems like I couldn't get along at all without you again. And I believe you fly around faster'n ever; fairly like a chicken with its head off. I don't care what they say, schoolin' didn't spile you."

"Of course not, mother. It never spoils any one with good, common sense, and I inherited that from you and father. I'm glad to be home, too. I never got over being homesick," said the girl tenderly.

"It's a real blessing to father and me to hear your voice a ringin' through the house all day as merry as a mockin' bird. But, land alive! it's nearly nine o'clock, and the beans are to string yet, and the cucumbers and onions to slice. We'll have to hurry or we'll be late."

Twenty minutes later Mrs. Hodge again addressed her daughter. "Run along, Rachel, and put on your hat and go down to the station after the beer father sent for. He wants some sent out to the barn at ten o'clock, to cool the men off a bit." And Mrs. Hodge bustled around cheerfully, quite enjoying the excitement of having "thrashers" to cook for.

Rachel's face grew serious. "Mother, father surely doesn't believe beer cools the men, does he? You wrote me that he never allowed any whiskey about the place since that lecturer was here, and I can't understand why he should have beer."

"That's a very different thing, Rachel. Beer is a regular temperance drink. Judge Oakley and Deacon Snyder both say so, and they ought to know, see'n's they're the smartest men about here."

"I can't help it, mother; they are both mistaken. There is nothing cooling or nourishing about beer, and there is alcohol enough in it to produce intoxication. I wish I could see father, I think I could coax him out of it. I've a notion to call him."

"You mustn't do any such thing, Rachel, Father's too busy to be bothered; besides, it wouldn't do a mite of good. You know how set he is; you'd just as well let alone what you can't help."

"But, mother, I can't get the beer. Don't you see this?" pointing to a white ribbon in her buttonhole. "I'm a member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and have pledged myself not only to drink nothing that can intoxicate, but also to do everything I can to keep others from drinking."

"See here, now, Rachel Hodge, if you've joined a society that teaches you to disobey your parents, the quicker you get out of it the better; you'd better read your Bible, especially where it says to honor your father and your mother," said Mrs. Hodge severely.

"I do read it, mother, and I read that woe shall come to him who puts the cup to his neighbor's lips, and many similar things that I dare not forget. I do not wish to be disobedient or disrespectful, but I cannot get the beer," said the girl firmly.

Her mother looked vexed and ready to cry. "I don't see how you can be so unreasonable, Rachel. There is no one else to go, and your father will be dreadfully angry if the men are kept waiting. They are having a friendly race with the men over at Mr. Johnston's, and the hands will work as fast again if they have their beer."

Rachel got her hat, and without another word ran up to her room and took up her purse in which were two or three dollars she had saved up to buy a new dress. Then she ran down stairs and out to the gate where the old gray mare stood hitched to the buggy awaiting her.

She climbed in and took up the reins mechanically. She scarcely knew what she intended doing, but of one thing she was certain, and that was that she would not take home the beer. She had never before wilfully disobeyed her parents, and the thought of doing so now made her heart-sick. She prayed silently as she drove along the shady country road, that some way out of the difficulty might be sent her, so she could be obedient and yet keep her pledge.

"I'll buy a lot of lemons and granulated sugar and make them lemonade instead," she said decisively. "That will really cool them off and do them no harm, either. Father surely will not be angry, for I'll use my own money and do without the new white dress. I'd rather, a hundred times over, than to put temptation in a single person's way."

She sprang lightly upon the platform of the depot, and the station master came up to her wearing an air at once conciliatory and apologetic.

"*I'm ever so sorry, Miss Rachel, but Mr.* Johnston took the beer ordered for your father. Some one had torn off the address, and he declared that he had ordered four boxes instead of two, and said he would take the consequences. He's so anxious to get his wheat threshed out first, that he'd have taken half a dozen boxes of beer if he could have gotten them, I believe. I heard him chuckling over it, and telling his boy they were sure to beat with such a supply of stimulants on hand, while your father had none." And the man laughed, evidently thinking it a good joke.

"That is all right, Mr. Russ. We shall see which wins, after all; lemonade or beer," replied Rachel, greatly relieved at the turn matters had taken, yet hoping with Hodge loyalty, that Mr. Johnston's boast might come to naught.

She bought some lemons and granulated sugar from the one family grocery, and with a glad heart turned her horse's head homeward.

"Mr. Johnston took father's beer, mother, and I am glad of it. Lemonade and some of your nice fresh buttermilk will be much more refreshing."

Then she explained more fully to her indignant mother, while she was preparing the lemons and sugar, after which she drew some water from the well; water so cold that it seemed almost as if it must have some of the winter's supply of ice in it. A delicious lemonade soon rewarded her labor.

"Now, mother, won't you carry out a big pitcher of buttermilk, and I'll take the lemonade and a lot of cookies. I don't believe the men will grieve over the loss of the beer," she said cheerfully.

Doubtful and perplexed, Mrs. Hodge followed the buoyant steps of her daughter, half in sympathy with her, yet afraid to forego a long established custom. Mr. Hodge smiled as he saw them coming.

"Hold up a while, men. Here comes something to give you new strength, and to cool you off a little," he called to the busy men around him.

They needed no second bidding, and Rachel's heart gave a little flutter, half of fear and half of triumph, as she thought of the disappointment awaiting them. Her father frowned severely as he saw the lemonade.

"What nonsense is this, daughter? Where is the beer I sent for?"

Rachel explained, while the men muttered among themselves.

"I'll pay Johnston for this—see if I don't!" said Mr. Hodge angrily. "He thinks he's sure to get done thrashing first, now, and I reckon he will, but I'll get even with him, if it takes me a year."

"Father, there's no reason in the world why Mr. Johnston should win the race, and there's every reason why he shouldn't. The beer he has taken home to help him will probably be the means of his defeat."

Then, as the men, made good-natured in spite of themselves by the bright-faced, earnest-hearted girl, drank the lemonade and the buttermilk, and ate Mrs. Hodge's famous cookies, Rachel gave them such a scientific, sensible, practical temperance talk, in such simple yet forcible language, that they felt themselves convinced against their will.

Even Deacon Snyder, who had happened along, admitted that there was truth in what she said, and her father, who had listened with surprise and growing pride to his daughter, in his heart agreed with her.

The men went to work with a will afterward, feeling somehow, that lemonade was, after all, quite as refreshing as beer, and threshed out such a large amount of wheat before dinner that when they came to that meal they had such voracious appetites, Mrs. Hodge's hospitable heart was fully gratified.

At five o'clock the threshing was finished, much to the surprise of the workers themselves, who had never before accomplished so much work in so short a time. As they sat on the wide porch waiting for their early supper, a man rode up in great haste, his face pale and his voice so shaken with excitement that he could scarcely articulate.

"There's been a terrible accident over at Johnston's. It seems he took home a big lot of beer, and half the men got drunk, the engineer among them. Two of the drunken men were overcome by the heat and came very nigh dying, and before the others had recovered from their scare, the boiler of the steam threshing machine exploded, killing the engineer, and badly wounding another man. It was all the result of that cursed beer—there's not a doubt of it. The engineer didn't know what he was doing."

Then the messenger rode off, while Mr. Hodge and his men looked at each other in horrified silence.

"Boys, I feel like we orter thank God and Miss Rachel that we're all alive and well here this evening," said one man solemnly.

"We've done the biggest day's work I ever see done, without a drop of nothin' stronger'n lemonade and buttermilk, and we're as fresh as daisies, every man of us. It shows there's two ways of doin' the same things, and Miss Rachel's way has the best of it," said a fatherly old farmer.

"So it has—so it has. I think all this temperance meetin' needs is to pass around the pledge, little daughter. I'm ready to sign, for one," said Mr. Hodge in a voice that was husky.

"So am I," was echoed by all the others, so Rachel wrote a simple, binding pledge that was signed by all of them: a pledge which inaugurated a new and better way of living in that neighborhood, and eventually uprooted the false and pernicious idea that health or strength can ever come from beer.—*Union Signal.*

A MISSIONARY AMONG PIRATES.

The following stirring account of a young missionary's adventure with Chinese pirates will be read with deep and prayerful interest. The letter is addressed to his father:—

I started for Swatow yesterday morning by Douglas Lapraik's S.S. "Namoa" of which Captain Pocock is skipper, a most godly and pleasant man. At one o'clock we went below for lunch, and had barely started when we were surprised to hear reports of revolvers just above our heads. In a few minutes shots were buzzing all around us. We sprang from the table and took shelter in the cabins. Some Chinese had risen and got possession of the ship, and were potting at us through the skylight and from the companion ladder. They then threw what are called stink-pots down—these explode and fill the place with sulphurous smoke. We were absolutely helpless, not having a single revolver amongst us. We got the native cook to ask what they wanted; to which they replied, the passengers' money (there were five European passengers and about 300 Chinese; these latter were returning home with the savings of years), and asked that the captain should go up and make terms, which he did on their promising not to shoot him. He was no sooner up, however, before we heard two shots fired, and he was fatally wounded. They then sent down to say that if all the Europeans would go into the captain's room and remain there, they would anchor the vessel, and leave her at eight o'clock at night. At it was certain death to resist, we went up, ten of us altogether, but from different parts of the ship. The captain was laid upon his bed, but shortly afterwards died. One passenger was killed, two native seamen were also killed, while one of the mates, one of the engineers, and four seamen were wounded.

The next business was placing pistols at our heads, and demanding all valuables. My beautiful gold watch and chain went, with £7 in money. Then they battened us down and set an armed watch over us, quietly going about their work of ransacking the ship. My things have been forced open and all the contents scattered on the floor, but I don't think much has been taken, as they would be so easily identified. Altogether they got about 30,000 dollars. At eight o'clock at night they dropped anchor. Several junks came alongside, and, having knocked holes into the bottom of all our boats, they gathered up all their loot and took their departure about nine o'clock. It was eight hours' horrible suspense. They had played the captain false, and might just as easily have done the same with us. And when we heard the boats being smashed we made sure they were either going to sink or burn, but "it was not permitted."

After they had left we soon broke open the windows and doors, and a rush was made to get the fires, which the pirates had put out, relit. Fortunately there was enough steam left to carry us on till the fires were up, and so, slipping our anchor, we were soon under weigh. We reached Hong Kong again this morning, when the naval authorities, police, and a doctor came on board, and we hope soon to make a fresh start.

It is very wonderful how real one's religion is at such times, and how marvellously precious is the felt presence of Christ in the soul, filling it with perfect peace and giving one the happy consciousness that "to live is Christ, and to die is gain," and making it so easy to say, "Thy will be done." It has pleased the Lord to give me, as it were, a new life, and I can only trust more completely all for him than before. I would not have mentioned the matter, only I know you must hear of it from other quarters. It is only a proof of the loving care God takes of his children. —*G. M. Wales, in Word and Work.*

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